

The Washington Times

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FRANK A. MUNSEY.

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MONDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1906.

The Woman Clerk.

Superfluous though it is to persons acquainted with the practical operation of executive departments, the statement from the Fourth Assistant Postmaster General favorable to women in the classified service has distinct value.

Three considerations, recurrent and insistent, operate to discredit the woman clerk. They are: Her inability to do certain kinds of work, such as that requiring incessant traveling, for example; her over-capacity for details; the desire of men to get her job.

Not one of these imperils her value to the departments. The second, indeed, gives her a value to the Government service beyond many men. She has yet to prove—save in extremely rare cases—her capacity to originate ideas and her willingness to work, as the best men do, without regard for the end of the work day. But she has incontrovertibly proven herself competent as the best men for the great mass of departmental labor and indispensable to the service.

If Only for a Day.

When Old Scrooge returned from his spiritual tour of London and awoke in his bare bed chamber with a new warmth in his flinty, shriveled heart, the change was unaccountably manifest in his face. One of the finest touches in all the writing of Dickens is the response of a cheery "Merry Christmas" to that look on the part of two street urchins who encountered Scrooge on the morning of the day.

Few of us are as hard as Scrooge. But all of us can feel somewhat of the renewal which transformed him. And this is the day. The stores are crowded full. The street cars are jammed. The bakers, the grocers, the market men, the dealers in little hemlocks and slender cedars, the postmen, the express wagons, are rushed as they were never rushed before. It is a time of knocking elbows, bumping heads, confusion, hurry, worry, much to do, and only a day for the doing of it.

And a proof that the Christmas spirit still lives is to be found in the good nature with which we of this blessed year 1906 endure it all. Washington crowds are proverbially good natured. But it is much to be doubted if any crowd of Washingtonians ever endured so much pulling at each other, so much jamming into narrow doors, so much wading into street cars, with so much good nature as today. The conductor who was handed a ten-dollar bill did not lose his temper this morning. The clerk who has stood the strain of twelve hours a day for a fortnight has an unforced smile this afternoon.

So the air has been full of Christmas and we have been the better for it, as we are and will be always the better for letting the sweetness of our natures crowd our money-seeking into the background, if only for a day.

The Logic of Largesses.

A report on commercial relations of the United States and Porto Rico, just issued, indicates that a remarkable commercial rapprochement is taking place between continental United States and this minor Pearl of the Antilles. Briefly, it is shown that the island is doing most of its buying in the United States, and most of its selling in the United States, and that the trade is profitable to both. Porto Rico, which was in a state of lamentable depression for some time after the Spanish war, is prosperous and progressive.

The same, in general, is true of Hawaii. Why? Because Porto Rico and Hawaii have been given free access to American markets. The privilege has been reciprocally beneficial. Uncle Sam has given much to Porto Rico—he has given better government, better schools, better credit; but more than all else, he has given it a chance.

In the Philippines we have given better administration, proximate peace, a real school system, credit for railroad development, the services of an army and navy—everything except a chance. The Philippine tariff bill sleeps in the Senate committee. That bill aims to do for the Philippines approximately what has already been done with such excellent results for Porto Rico.

But it can't be passed. Men oppose it because it would injure American

industry. Then the self-same men turn around and demand a shipping subsidy in order to develop trade between those islands and the United States! Was ever reasoning more unreasonable?

There is a cry for extension of our trade with the tropics. Very well. We own quite a slice of the tropics, and ought to take special interest in that slice. We ought to prefer trade with our own colonies to trade with foreigners. But, what are we doing? Crying out for trade with the tropics, and barring out our own colonies; denying them a fair chance, and ourselves a profitable trade. We are giving the Philippines far less than Spain gave them, in the commercial sense.

These high tariff ship subsidy people hold out a subsidy with one hand to encourage trade, and with the other hand erect a barrier against it. Porto Rico has proved how to get trade. What fair treatment has done there it would do on immensely larger scale in the Philippines. But fair treatment is not the specialty of your high protectionist. He simply can't conceive of giving commerce a chance to develop in its own way. He must be everlastingly mixing up government largesses with it. The manufacturer must be protected to keep out the Philippines' productions, and then the shipowner must be subsidized to get in the Philippines' products!

Some men go home with bundles while others carry packages.

"Am I any better than the fathers of my country?" asks John Wesley Gaines in a tone apparently demanding an answer. Being honest about Mr. Gaines, we must answer in the negative.

"The Curse of Drink" is to be taken off the stage before time for the arrival of the water wagon.

It is asserted that more liquor is consumed by young men in Maine than in any other State. The only explanation offered is that the young men have to live in Maine and have more provocation.

Everybody except Mr. Shaw seems to have decided on the position he will take when he retires from the Cabinet.

John Wesley Gaines refers to "interpolated penitential writing." A little more of that will convert a lot of doubters to the simplified language propaganda.

Dr. Bonaparte is preparing to do his best to relieve Uncle Sam of the severe growing pains in his transportation department.

Of course, Mr. Bryce will be welcomed as the British ambassador, despite the fact that he is a little too old to play a good game of tennis.

The dealers blame the coal famine in the Northwest; to the railroads, and the railroads blame the dealer. Why not compromise by blaming the consumer for not buying more and burning less?

Kansas newspapers are seriously discussing the question as to whether there is a hell. The average Kansan will vote in the negative since they are now selling beer in plug form, like tobacco, in Kansas.

"Our monetary system is all wrong," says Banker Jacob H. Schiff. Same here, Mr. Schiff.

Japan produces nearly all the bamboo and a good share of the bamboozle.

"Don't drink cider after three days old," says a northern New York newspaper. Still, the doctor would probably advise against giving cider to a person less than three days old.

The only thing that can be said in behalf of Chester Gillette is that the girl he is convicted of killing was a good deal older than he.

It may dawn upon Mrs. Bradley, a little later on, that a woman who kills a man can never induce him to marry her after that.

"The world is everywhere prosperous," says Secretary Shaw. Seems almost impossible, in view of the fact that there are portions of the world where they do not have a high protective tariff.

Ever stop to think that you wouldn't be surprised at anything that might happen to a United States Senator these days?

Mr. Rockefeller says every rich man should do good to his fellowman, which is just another way of saying every rich man should do his fellowman good.

Jimmy Hyde's engagement to a French actress is not attracting much attention in this country where folks have not been thinking about him since his engagement to a big life insurance company was broken.

Experts of the Department of Agriculture have not yet determined what whisky is, but they seem to very generally agree that most of it isn't whisky.

All of us understand, about 6 o'clock in the evening, what this talk about car shortage means.

The Pennsylvania supreme court is wrestling with the question of the value of a finger. Don't know the value of one, but any well regulated bar will sell three for 15 cents.

"I would give away all my wealth tomorrow if I could," says E. H. Harrison. Don't wait until tomorrow. Try it today.

Here's an affirmative vote for the measure introduced in Congress for the circulation of more \$5 bills.

The American Review of Reviews declares that Butte is a flowerless, godless, gasless town. That would be an ideal place for Luther Burbank to live.

That Mormon who has seven wives and seventy-two children will get his punishment all right, if he does his duty as Santa Claus.

"After New Year what?" asks the New York Mail. Well, more messages from the President, for one thing.

One refreshing thought is that Santa Claus does not handle lemons.

RHYME of the RAIL

As J. G. Saxe might have...
Rewritten it today....

Rushing past the houseposts;
Kutling over ridges;
Shooting under signs;
Rumbling over bridges;
Whizzing through a subway—
Still that fearful smell!
Bless me, this is fearful,
Riding on an "L!"

Men of different "stations,"
Color, height and frame,
Jammed all in together—
Company's to blame.
Some are pale and dying,
Some are well and fair;
All shut in so close,
Breathe the same bad air.

Gentleman with fever
Holds his throbbing head;
Gentleman with toothache
Wishing he was dead;
Gentleman with bulging
Making some complaint;
Gentleman coughing;
Standing up quite faint.

Mother with two children
Hanging to a strap;
"Lady" with a package
In her ample lap;
Schoolgirl eating bonbons
While they stand and stare;
Everybody dying
For a breath of air.

Stranger on the right
Muttering a prayer
For sudden death or else
A little breath of air.
The people either side,
Full of germs and woes,
Are busy as the bees
With kerchiefs over noses.

Stranger on the left,
Pins, pale and thin,
Horror to smell
Some one's breath of gin.
People try to breathe
Say wicked words and "fudge"
Closed so fast a cork
Couldn't make a "erridge."

Overhead the highways,
Underneath the ground,
How the trains go creaking
"Round and round and round,
People coming, going,
Rushing from near and far,
Meanwhile all the germs
Stay right in the car.

Rushing past the houseposts;
Kutling through the slums;
Shut in with sickly people,
Honest men and bums;
Whizzing through a subway—
Still that awful smell!
Horror! this is deadly,
Riding on an "L!"

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THE TEL-E-PHONE GIRL.

Hel-lo, what have we here? A Tel-e-phone Girl, Child-ren. She is the Sassy Thing at the Other End. She is full of Hel-los and Sting-ing Rep-ar-tee. The Tel-e-phone Girl is the Sweet-Voiced Thing with a De-mon-i-a-cal Laugh who keeps us shout-ing "Hel-o-hel-o-hel—" Fif-teen min-utes and then asks Cheer-ful-ly "Wait-ing?" Then she gives us our Par-ty and Cuts us Off at the most ex-cit-ing part of the Scan-dal. If we Pro-test, she Calls us Down and that is all there is to it. Gen-er-al-ly she is too Bu-sy talk-ing to her Wil-ly Boy to Both-er with us for Ten Min-utes or So. By all means, Child-ren, be-come a Tel-e-phone Girl, get Sas-sy and Hear what is Go-ing On.



Jack and Jill went up the hill
To fetch a pail of beer,
Jack sat down and broke his pledge,
And so did Jill, I fear.

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Our A-B-C's
Up-To-Date!

It is for KIST!
Do we like to
be? Say—
We love to be
Kist.
Spell it any old way!

A NEAR-FABLE.

There was once a couple of spoons who used to hold hands and giggle and sigh by the hour. She used to love to be craved in how knots while he looked at her soulfully, as though he had a pain. He called them "beau" knots and said they should lead to matrimonial knots. With a wild shriek of joy the girl interpreted this as a proposal and accepted him. After they were married a while they forgot to hold hands and because they neglected to spoon they soon got tired of each other, but it was too late. He could not go home after a while as he used to, and so they lived regretfully ever after. Mind-boggling they made matrimonial knots and matrimonial knots soon became hard knots.

GREATEST SHOCK.

A man from poor Frisco named Locke. Of the earthquake proceeded to talk. "Twas a terrible wreck." He said, "but by Heck This grafting's a much bigger shock!"

TABLOID PHILOSOPHY.

You can extract bullets and sew up knife scars, but you cannot retract spoken words.

When a man works for all he is worth he generally gets to be worth more.

An unaffectionate wife is about as adorable as a stove without fire in a cold room.

A sandwich in the hand is worth a banquet next week.

If we were always told the truth—but there, no one ever does.

Sorrows drowned in drink are always resuscitated.

HAD TO COME.

A diplomat's wife named Maria Threw all the fat in the fire. But Teddy ran quick. Waved aloft his big stick, Cried, "Oh Maria! Maria! you're a musical instrument."

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